Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buc-krom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell wold haue it, three miſ-begottē knaues, in *Kendall* greeen, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets thē, groſſe as a moūtain, opē palpable. Why thou clay braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

Poines. Come your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtaruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzell, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

Poyn. Marke, *Iacke.*

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtalffe*, you carried y way as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for ſtill run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What a fla to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, & then ſay it w what tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole can find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſh

Poin. Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee tha Why heare you my maiſters, was it for mee, to k apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? V knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſti on will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great was a Coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and tho Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you haue Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pray Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titl fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſh a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall bee, thy ru

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *E*

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince!*

Prin. How now my Lady the *Hoſteſſe*, what ſaiſt t

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the cou would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from you

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royal ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnig giue him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke.*

Fal. Fayth, and ile ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vp you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.